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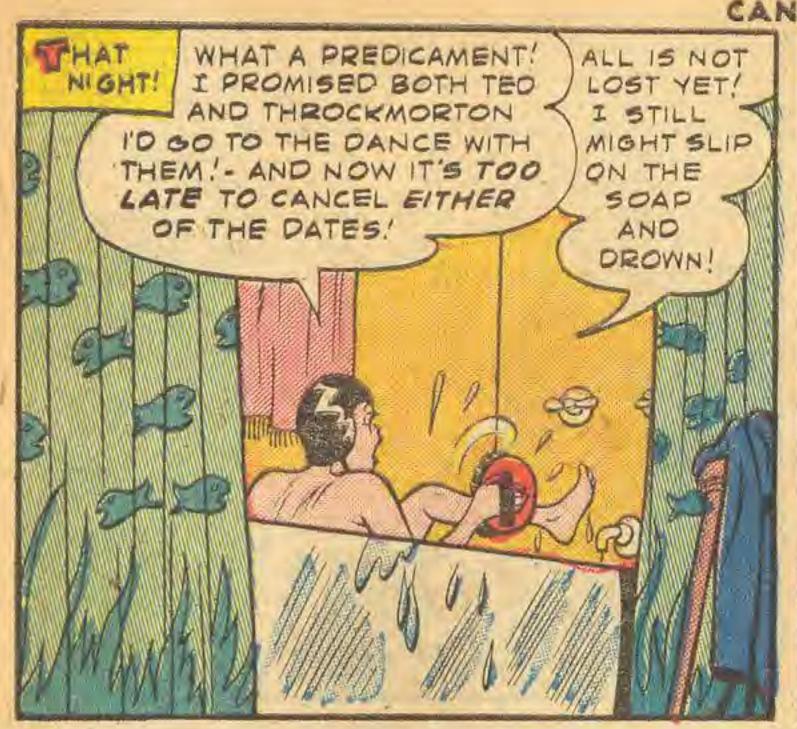
























































VESTING IN SOME

PLACE, FIRE CHIEF

PEOPLE TELL ABOUT THE STRANGEST THINGS THERE! SOMETIMES A WHITE FIGURE FLOATS AROUND! AND THEY'VE HEARD FOOT-STEPS AND THE CLANK! ING OF CHAINS!

THAT'S A LOT OF
HOOEY IF YOU ASK
ME! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
JUST A LOT OF SILLY
SUPERSTITION!

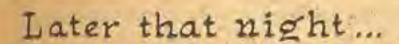










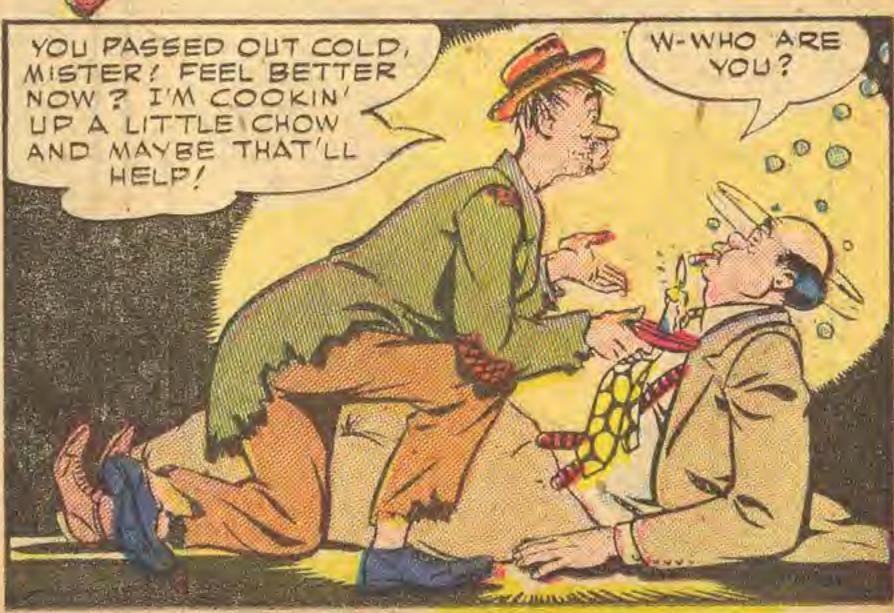




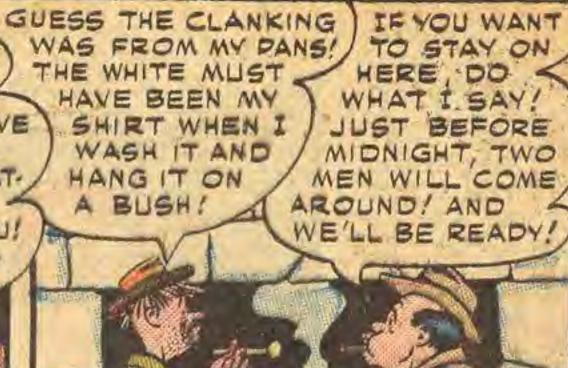


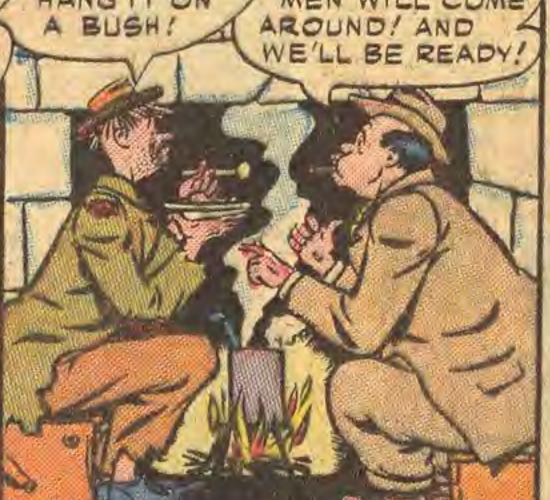










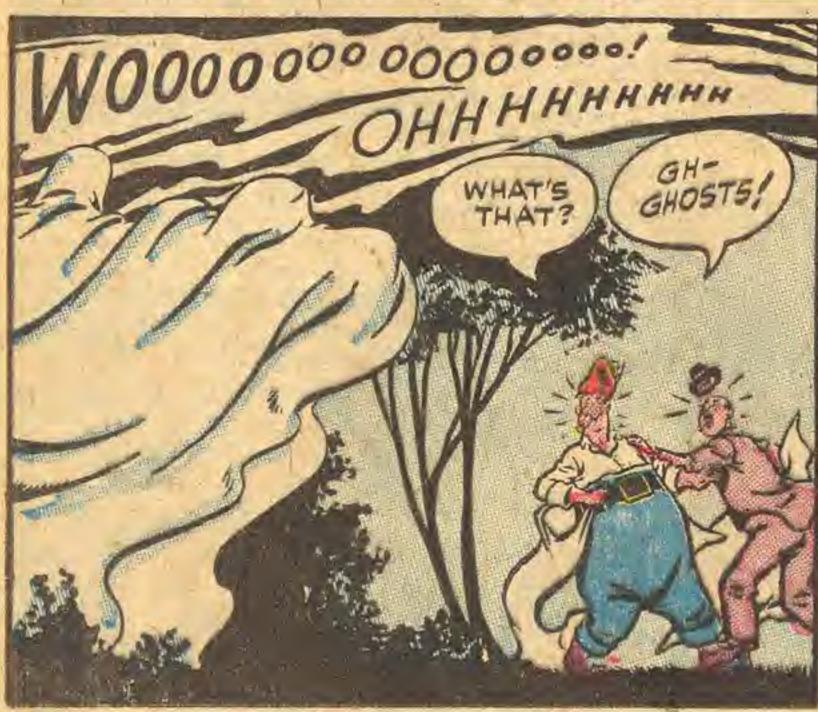




SHH! BOY,

ALL SET

FLANAGAN?























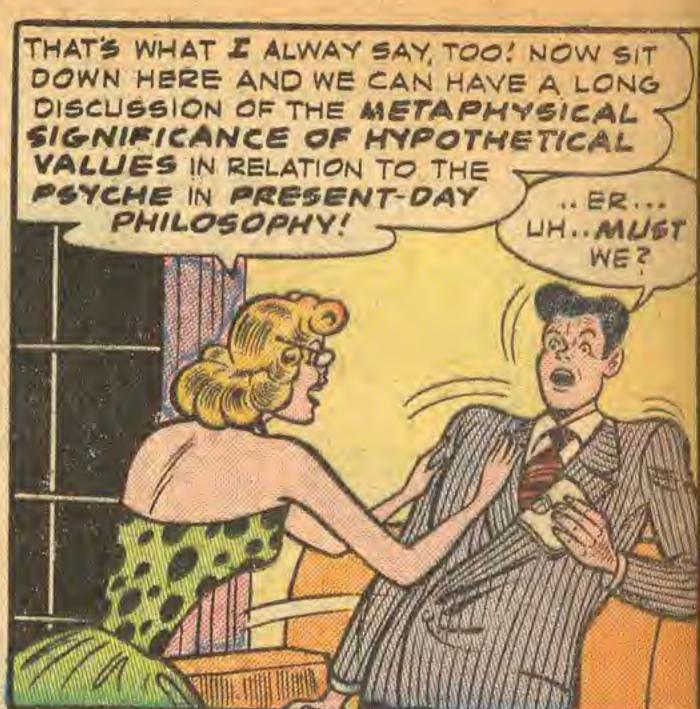


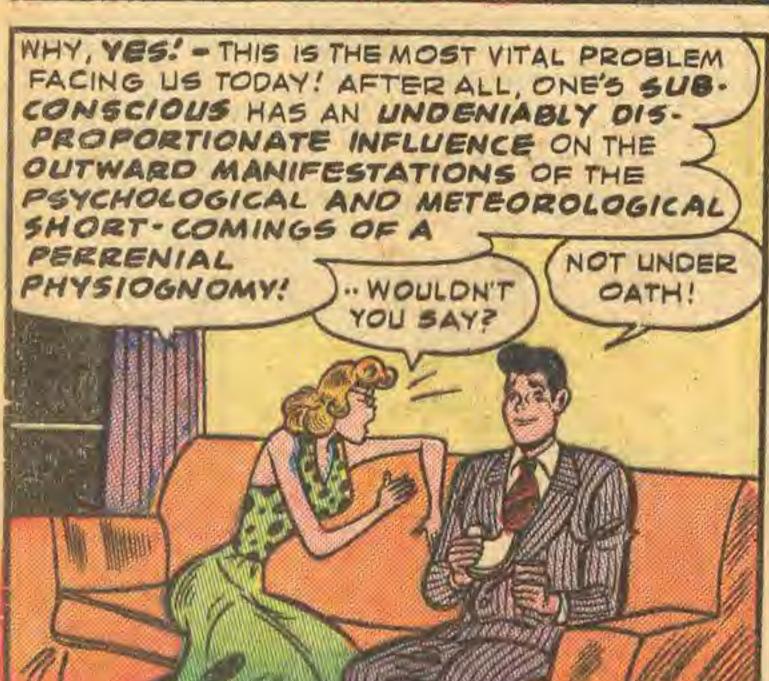






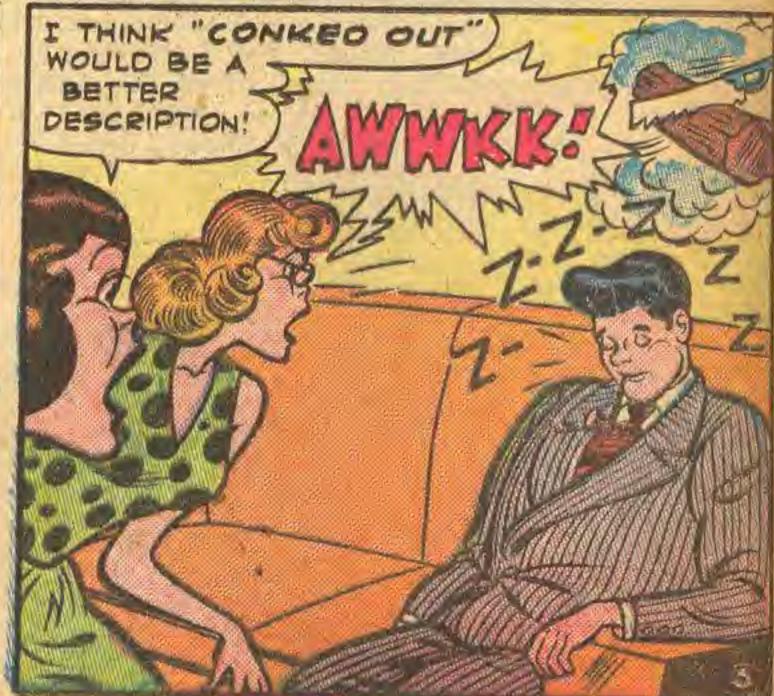


























GANDOY IN RADIUM









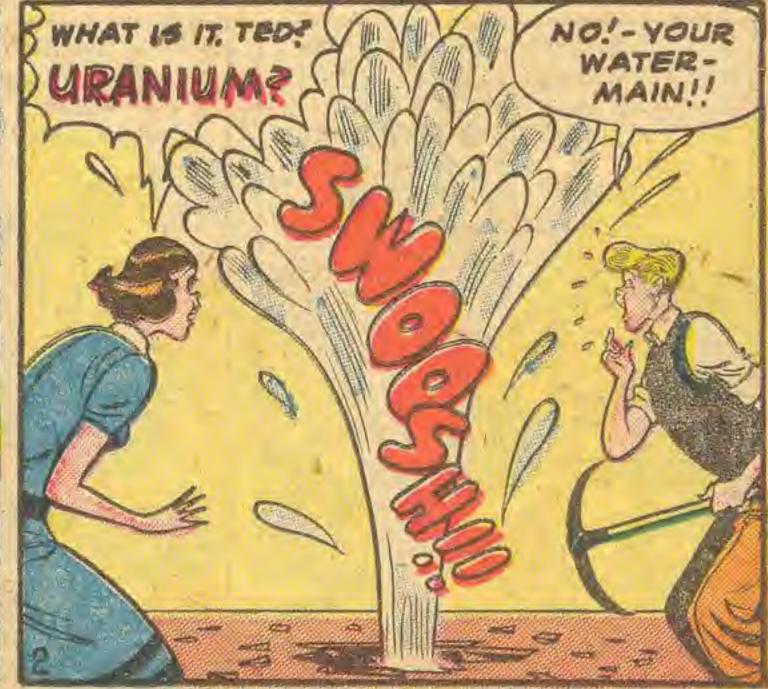




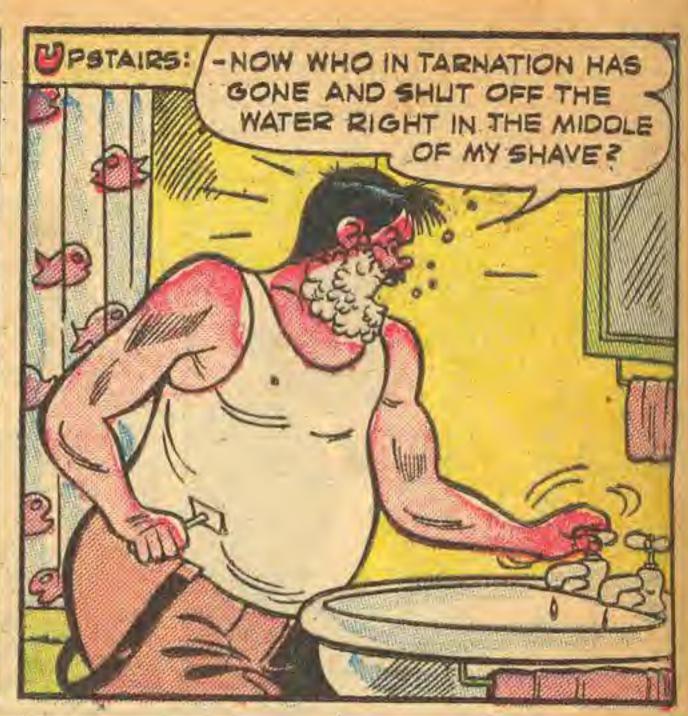




































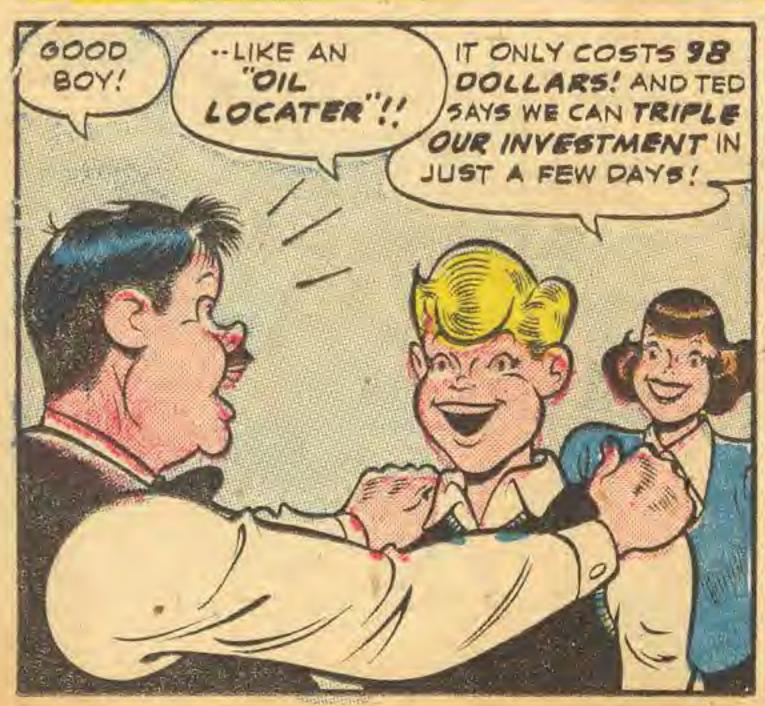














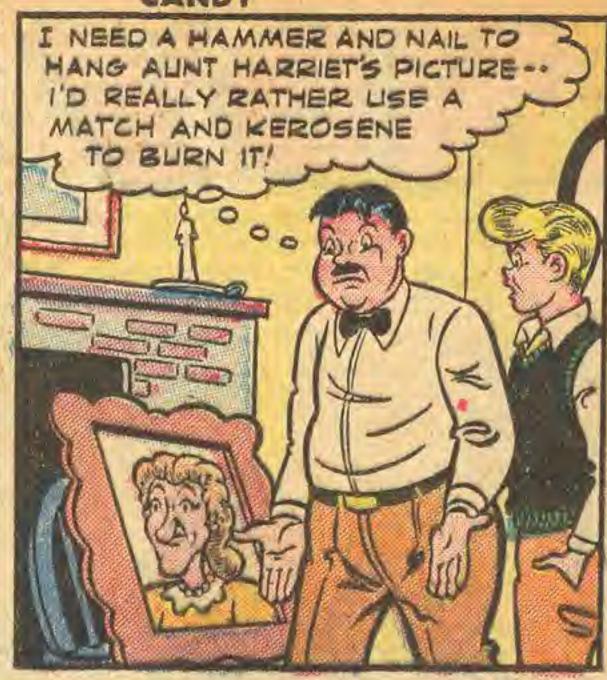
THE VISITOR"











SOON / SHE'S





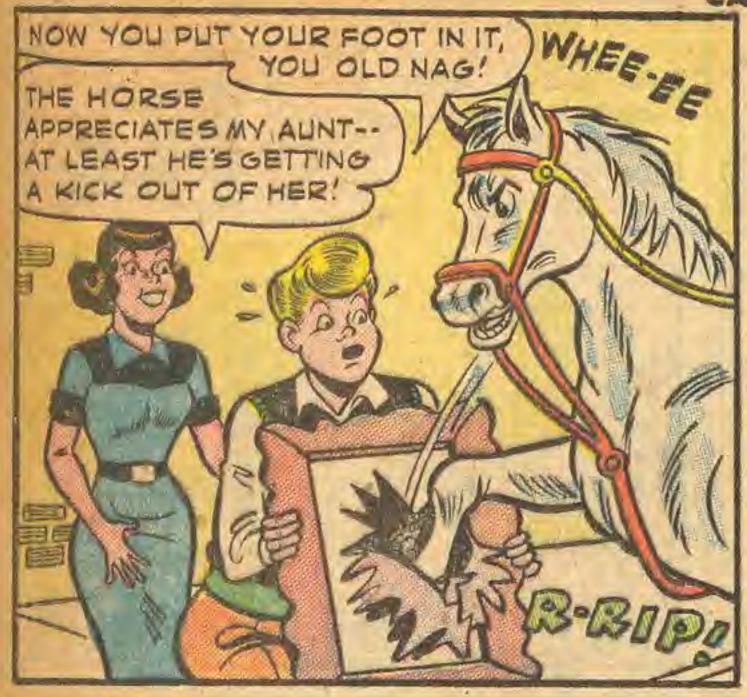






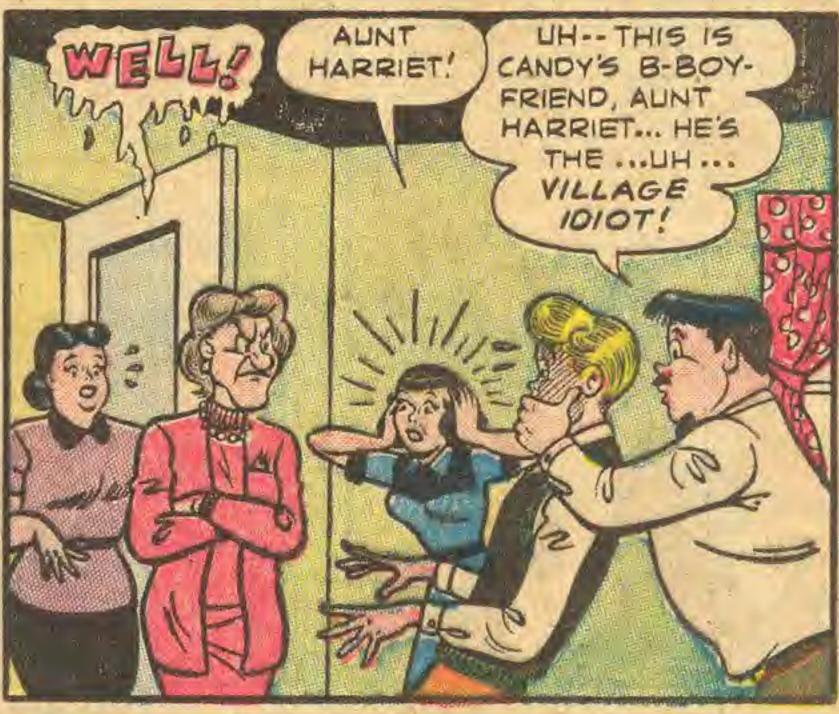
IT LOOKS BIG-

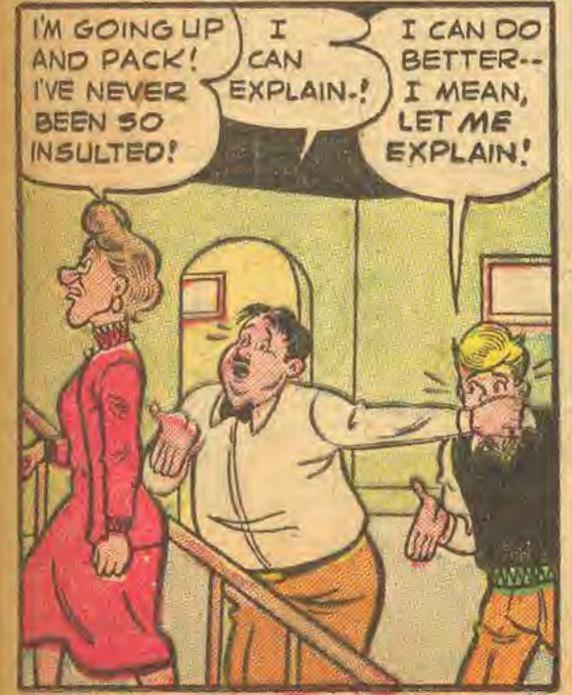
AUNT HARRIET











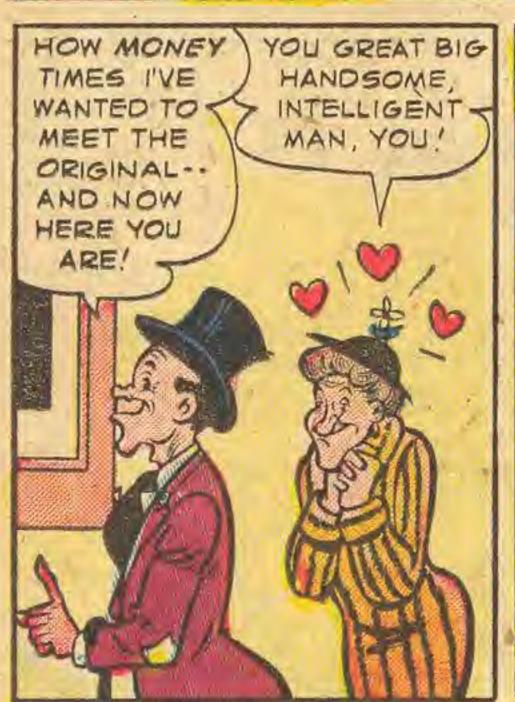


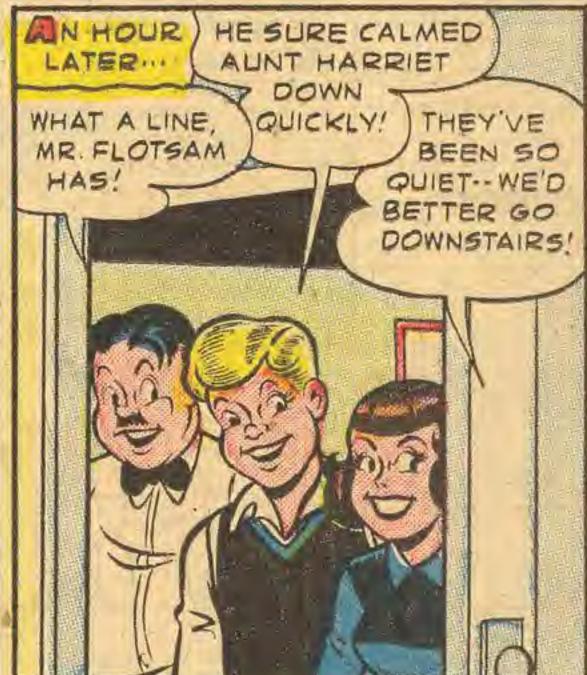
WHERE THERE'S
A WAY, M'BOY!
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER!

.. SO RICH OLD AUNT















Exciting HTERVIEWS

HI, pigeon fluff," hailed Ted Dawson as he jammed the old jalopy to a stop on front of candy O'Connor's house. Candy scrambled into the car and said breathlessly, "If we don't make some time, we'll be late for the afternoon session again, Ted. Let's zoom." Soon they dashe in he main entrance of Hartwick High School. Miss Kramer stopped their headlong rush for English class with, "No class for you two this period." They stopped short. "Aw, Miss Kramer," started Ted, in a pleading tone, "we're not that late, it was all the fault of the old jalopy and . . ." She smiled tolerantly. "I've got a job for you demon reporters, one I think you'll find to your liking. Come along to the student council room. There's a

meeting of the Hartwick Headlines staff."

Hartwick Headlines was the names of the school tabloid and both Candy and Ted were active on the paper. Once inside the room, they settled down to hear the scoop. Miss Kramer announced that they had been appointed to interview two screen celebrities who were making a cross-country tour to further public interest in motion pictures. They were due to make a surprise appearance at the Hartwick Theatre that very evening. Ted leaned over to Candy, "Probably character actors," he whispered. "Not a chance that they might ship Lana Lowry into town." Candy glared at him. Ted laughed softly, the mere mention of another gal always ruffled Candy's feathers. Miss Kramer had been talking to the editors of the paper and she now stood up to speak to the group. "As I mentioned earlier, this is a job any reporter would like, the actors to be interviewed are Miss Lana Lowry . . . " "Yahoo," interrupted Ted, accompanied by a few low whistles from the other boys present. Miss Kramer raised her hand for silence. " . . . and Mr. Stewart Blair!" Candy's eyes went wide, as an envious sigh emanated from the rest of the girls in the room. "Candy and Ted have an appointment to interview the stars shortly before they go on stage," continued Miss Kramer. "Candy will see Mr. Blair in his dressing room and Ted will interview Miss Lowry in her dressing room at the theatre." Miss Kramer gave them each last minute instructions on questions they were to ask, and they left the room together.

"You needn't look so smug about interviewing Lana Lowry, Ted Dawson," said Candy, as they headed for the classroom, "I'm going to see the heart throb of the ages, you know. Stewart Blair has always been my dream man." Ted snapped out of his revery as Candy swung into the classroom ahead of him. "I hope she doesn't fall for that zombie," he mused, as he sat down at his desk.

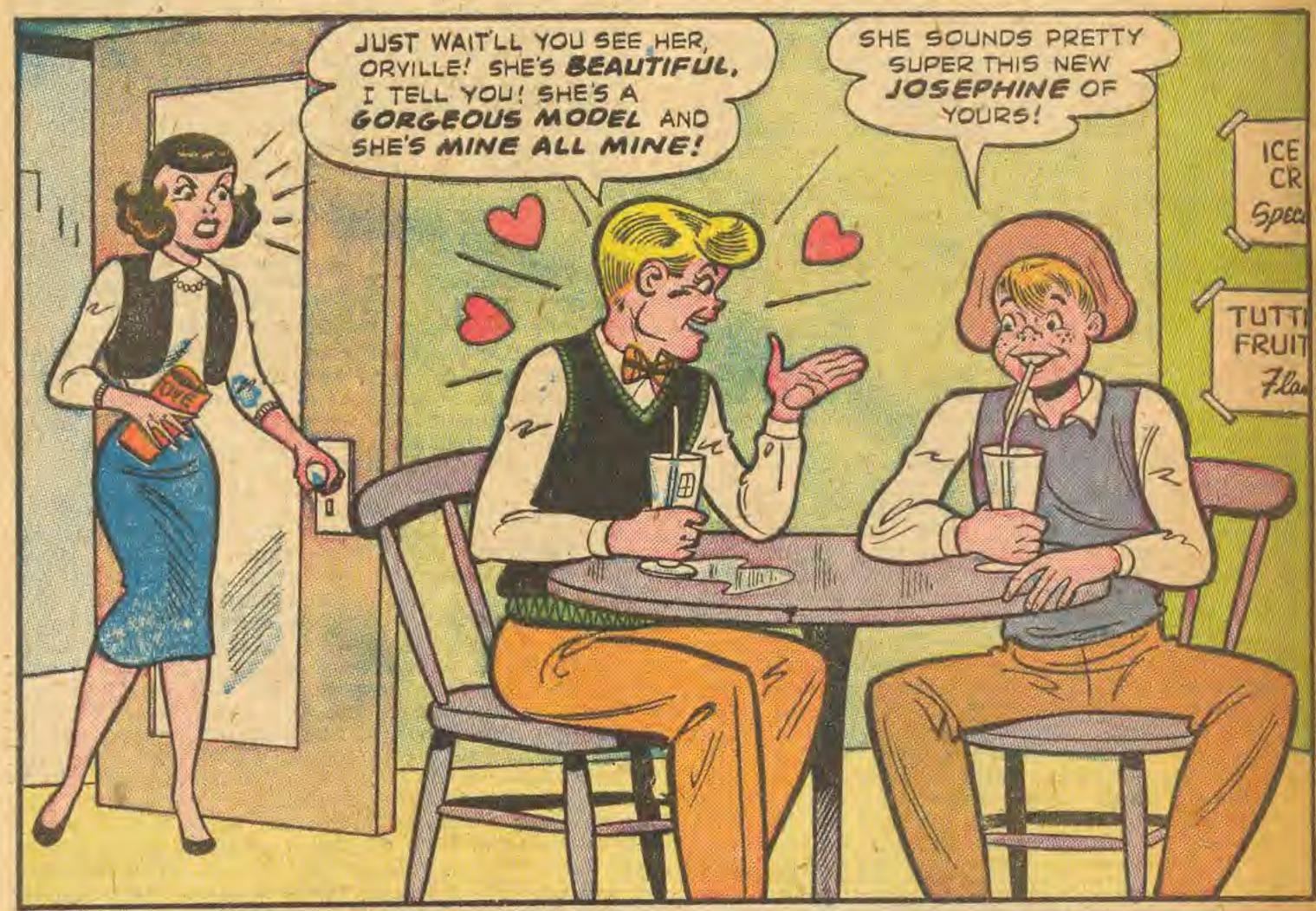
As they drove home from school they kept needling each other on the relative merits of the two stars they were to see later in the day. "You know these movie guys aren't impressed with small town high school girls, Candy," said Ted with a worried expression on his face. "Besides, the guy is probably a class A creep!" "Hmph! Don't expect Lana Lowry to swoon at the sight of you, Ted Dawson," replied Candy, frostily. "She's probably old enough to be your mother, anyway." Ted jammed the car to a stop in front of Candy's house. "Okay, cut the sarcasm," he snapped, "I'll call for you later and we'll beat it down to the theatre." "Thanks anyway," said Candy, snootily, "but I plan to go down in a taxicab. Goodbye!" And she stepped out of the car and stalked directly to the front door. Ted chugged off, looking furious.

Once in the house, Candy scanned every movie magazine available. She read article after article on the glamorous Stewart Blair and after going over them thoroughly, she raced upstairs to spend the next hour in her room. She emerged looking years older. Her hair was slicked back in a chignon, her eyelashes glistened with mascara, and she wore. a slim dark dress from which she had removed the crisp white collar and cuffs. At the theatre, she climbed out of the taxi just as Ted coughed to a stop in his car. He was dressed in his best suit, his blond hair smoothed down and a carnation in his buttonhole. When he spoted Candy, his mouth fell open. "Egad, girl," he spouted. "Why the getup?" "I wouldn't talk if I were you, Mr. Dawson," she replied haughtily. "It just so happens that Stewart Blair likes sophisticated women."

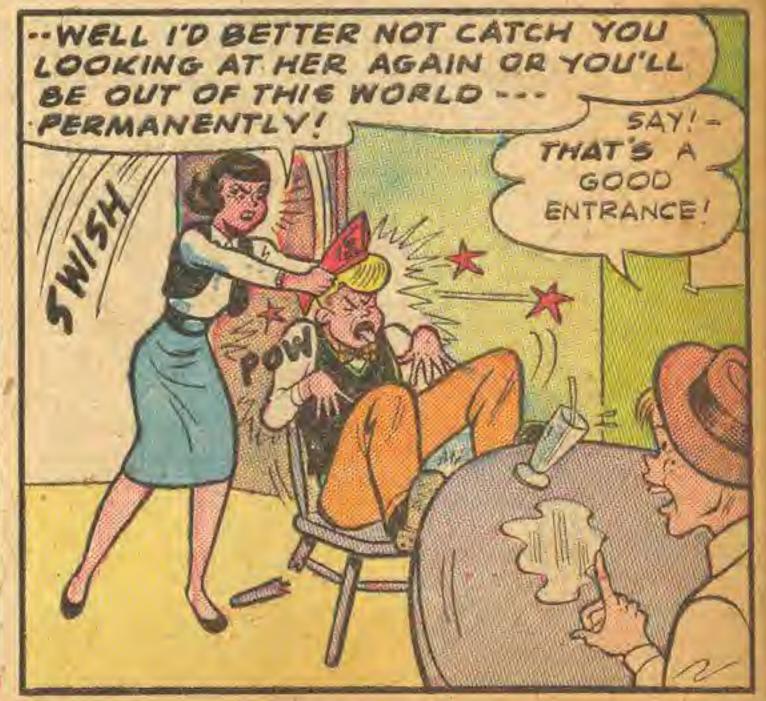
In silence they entered the theatre and were directed to the stars' respective dressing rooms. The rooms were side by side and they both knocked on the door at the same time. Mr. Blair's valet opened the door first and Ted heard the throaty tones of Stewart Blair as he spoke from the dressing table. "If that's the high school reporter, let him in. Oh, it's a lovely, young lady. Come in, my dear." Ted glared after Candy as she entered the room. He didn't have much time for anger, however, because Miss Lowry's maid opened the door for him. Inside, he stared blankly at the barefaced woman who sat before the dressing table mirror, "Miss L-Lowry?" he asked incredulously. "That's right, sonny," she snapped. "Who did you expect, Lassie?" He swallowed the lump in his throat and slumped into the chair to which she directed him. Then, in fascination, he watched as the plain woman started to apply her make-up. "She must be forty years old," he mused. "Well, sonny," she sighed resignedly, "let's get to the questions, we haven't got all night, you know." Ted stumbled through the questions he had listed. He made notes as she replied, but he had a difficult time concentrating. He gulped when she snapped open the box containing her false eyelashes and watched, open-mouthed, as she slipped them into place, removed the towel from her very red hair, and turned to him, transformed into the movie beauty he had seen so many times on the screen. "Wow!" he exploded. "Do I look as you expected me to look now, sonny?" she laughed. "You know, it never does any harm to let you kids see the lily before it's gilded." Then she patted him on the head and dismissed him. He slumped out of the room, a disillusioned boy. At that precise moment, the wide-eyed Candy was watching her dream man adjust his toupe on his head. "You know, Candy," he crooned, "my public doesn't know that Stewart Blair wears a toupe. Nor is it general knowledge that I have a couple of grandchildren, so I'll appreciate it if you'll just follow the press release my valet will give you." Candy left his dressing room feeling like the world had fallen apart.

Outside, she spotted Ted, loafing in his car and she contrived to walk past, her nose in the air. "Hey, dream queen," he shouted enthusiastically. "Can I give you a lift?" She turned, smiling. "You sure can, Ted," she said. "I'm in a hurry to get home and wash this stuff off my face." Ted helped her into the car. "Yeah," he said, "just stay as sweet as you are, Candy. No movie queens for this boy." And they both burst into helpless laugheter as the old jalopy leaped to a start.

CANDY MOTOR TROUBLE"



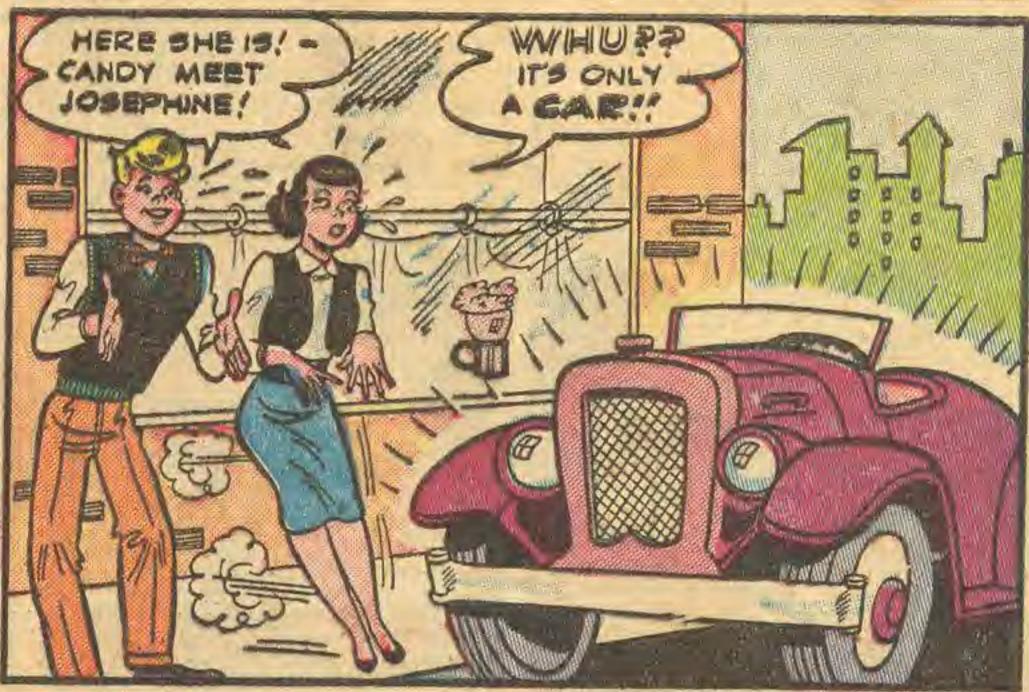






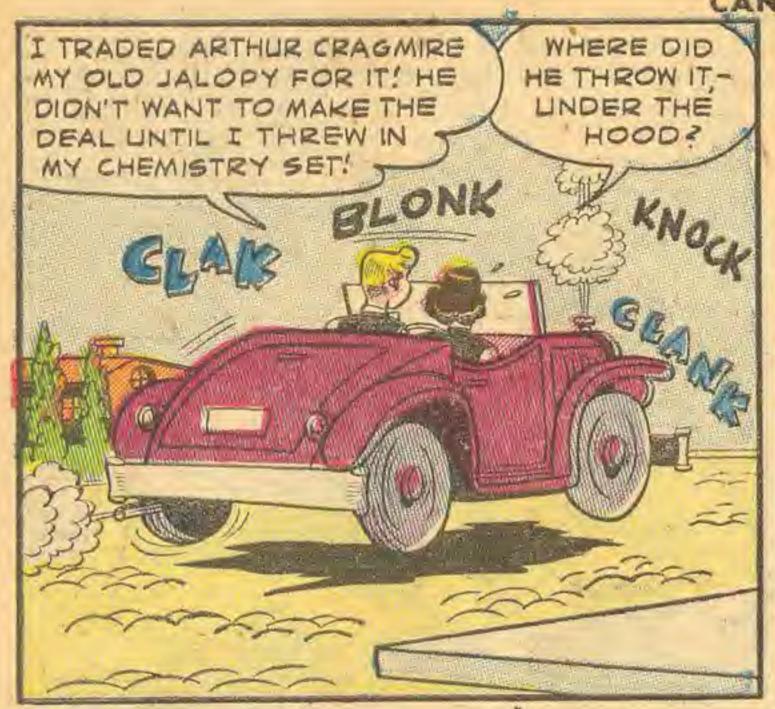


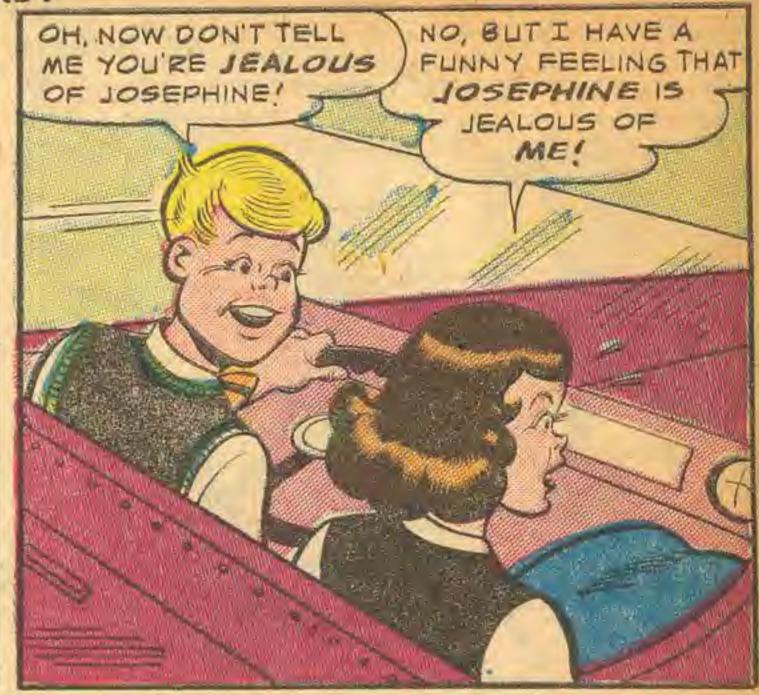






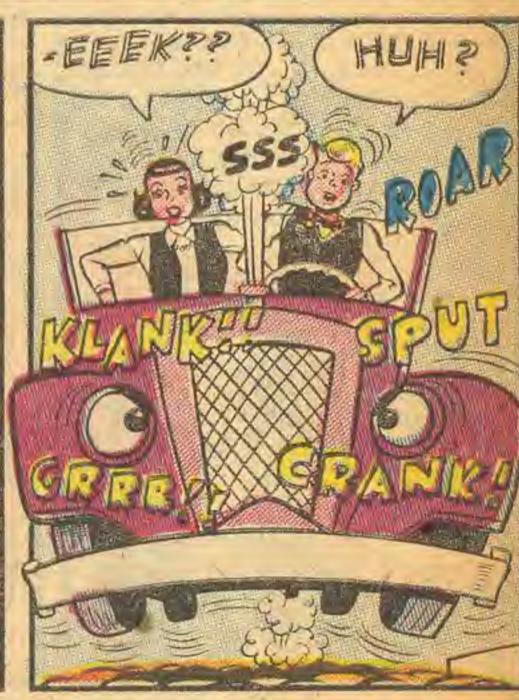








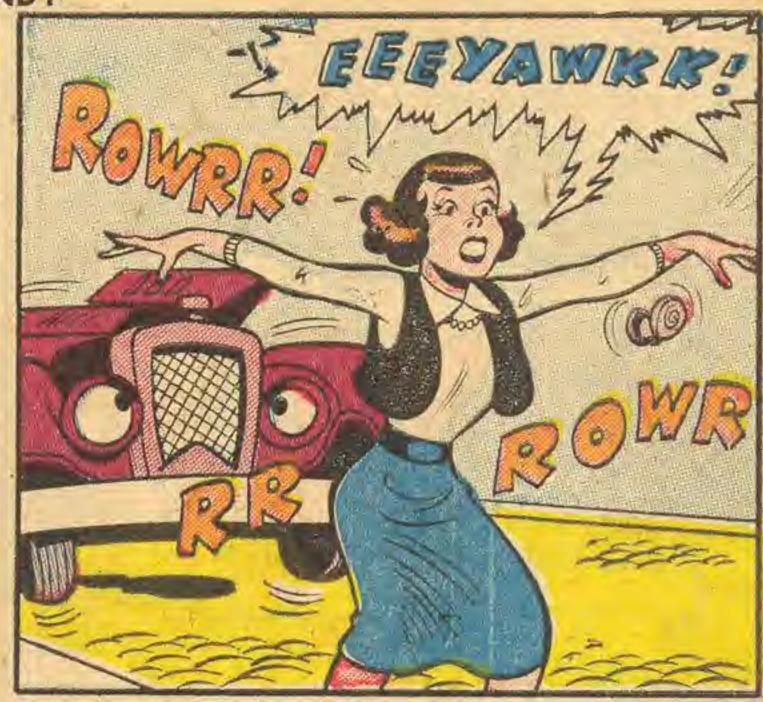
























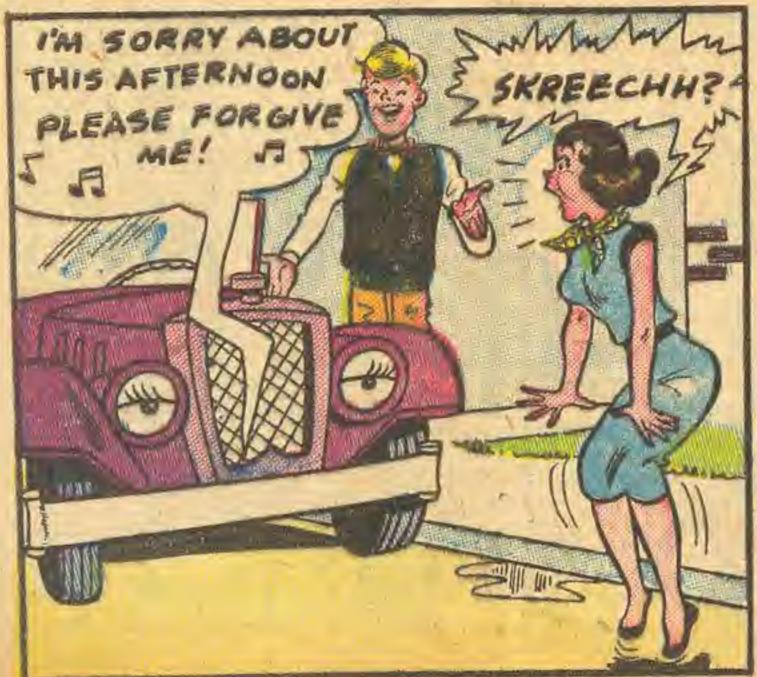


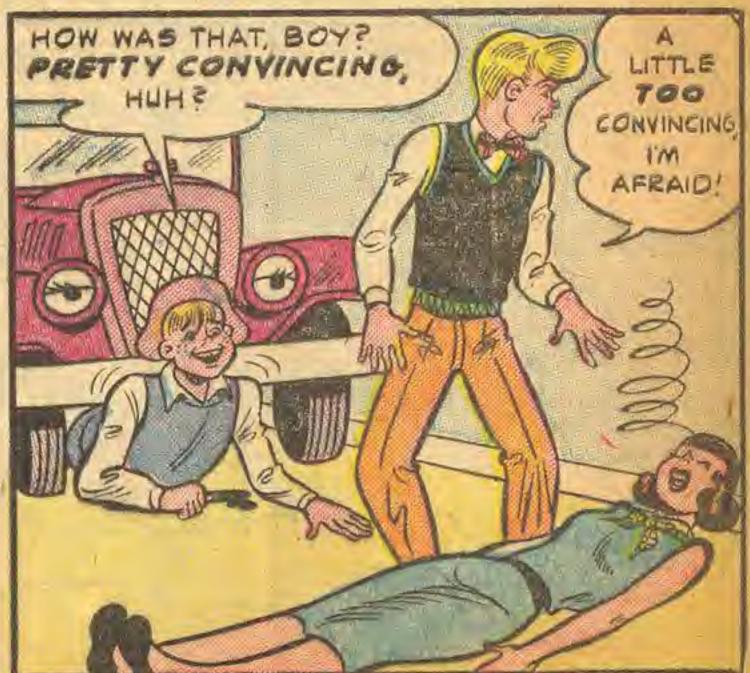


















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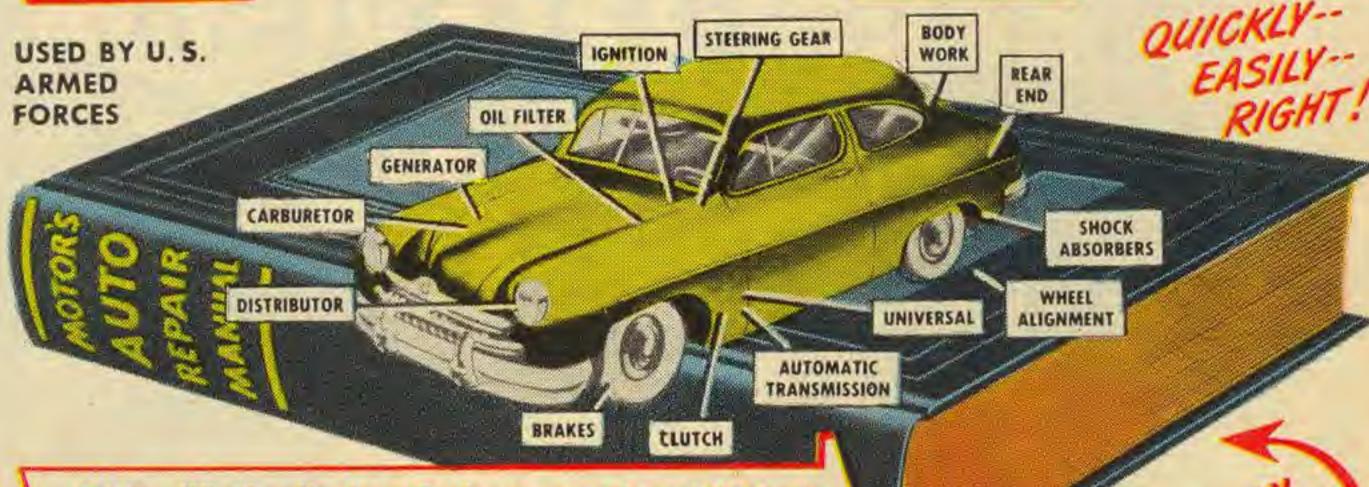
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